

*The Historie*

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,  
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,  
To wage an instant triall with the king.

*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the king hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the land together.  
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt,  
And many mo coriuals and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my L, they shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no lesse, yet, needfull 't is to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, sir Mighel, speed:  
For if Lord Percy thriue not, e're the king  
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacie,  
And, 't is but wisdom, to make strong against him.  
Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe  
To other friends, and so fare well, sir Mighel. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloudily the sunne begins to peare  
Above yon busky hill, the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prin.* The Southren wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaues,  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then, with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The trumpet sounds, Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now, my Lord of Worcester? 't is not well  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes.

*of Henry the*

As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd  
And made vs doffe our easie robes  
To crush our old limmes in vngentl  
This is not well, my Lord, this is no  
What say you to it? will you againe  
This churlish knot of all abhorred  
And moue in that obedient orbe ag  
Where you did giue a faire and nat  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor  
A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischiefe to the vnbor

*Wor.* Heare me, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be we  
To entertaine the lag end of my li  
With quiet houres. For I protest,  
I haue not sought the day of this dis

*King.* You haue not sought it: ho

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and

*Prin.* Peace, chewet, peace.

*Wor.* It pleas'd your maiestie to t  
Of fauour, from my selfe, and all  
And yet I must remember you, my  
We were the first and dearest of yo  
For you my staffe of office did I br  
In Richards time, and posted day  
To meet you on the way, and kill  
When yet you were in place and in  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as  
It was my selfe, my brother and his  
That brought you home, and bold  
The dangers of the time. You swor  
And you did sweare that othe at L  
That you did nothing purpose gain  
Nor claime no further, then your r  
The seat of Gaunt, Dukedome of  
To this, we swore our aid; but in sh  
It rai'd downe fortune showing o  
And such a flood of greatnesse fell